

THE CRIMEAN WAR.

KINGLAKE'S NEW VOLUMES.

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA: ITS ORIGIN AND AN ACCOUNT OF ITS PROGRESS DOWN TO THE DEATH OF LORD RAGLAN. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. Vols. 3 and 4. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

With the exception of the volume of fifty-one pages, the whole of Mr. Kinglake's fourth volume is devoted to the battle of Balaklava and to the men who bore part in that famous transaction. In an apte room on our way to the great hall in which the panorama of the battle is to be unrolled, two full length portraits are hung, those of Lord Lucan and Lord Cardigan. The former was commander of the whole cavalry force in the Crimea under Lord Raglan. His division comprised two brigades, the Heavy and Light, and Lord Cardigan was the General commanding the Light Brigade. For years the actions of these two men were the subject of a controversy which raged all over England with great bitterness. A single paragraph is all we can quote at this moment in respect to Lord Lucan:

For general as well as for special reasons, Lord Lincoln's command was one of an embarrassing kind; but despite the inherent difficulties of his position—despite all the hindrances created by himself, and the hindrances created by others—he was a diligent, indefatigable commander—always in health, always at his post, always toiling to the best of his ability, and maintaining a high, unclouded, and even buoyant spirit, under trials the most discouraging. He was a man of a high order of intelligence, and of a high order of energy in the discharge of his duties. It may be that he was not perfectly consequent, or that his measures were wrong and ill-timed, or, again, that he was unduly thwarted; for certainly the result seems to have been that, in proportion to the energy exerted, his mind left no great trace of its action; but if a man's power of commanding could be safely inferred from

For words, the collection which has been made of Lord Lucan's divisional orders would be a striking example of vigor applied to the management of cavalry in a time of the heaviest trials. Distilling apparently every sacrifice, however temporary, of the controlling power, he did not take upon himself to lead in person any cavalry charge; and therefore the degree in which he may have been qualified for that very peculiar kind of duty must of course be a subject of conjecture rather than proof; but his composure under heavy fire was perfect that, even in an army where prowess evinced in that way was exceedingly general, it did not escape observation. "Yes, damn him, he's brave," was the comment pronounced on Lord Lucan by one of his most steady backers.

The Earl of Cardigan, as the actual leader of the Light Cavalry charge, has a far more enduring fame than Lord Lucan. He was so keenly solicitous of a good renown that years ago he extracted from Mr. Kinglake a promise that he would, in advance of its publication, apprise him of the scope of the indement

at which he should arrive. From that time almost to his death he favored Mr. Kinglake with frequent visits and an ample correspondence, going repeatedly over every question connected with his conduct of the charge. In February last, the information he desired

was given, and was so far from satisfying him that he laid before Mr. Kinglake two statements in the nature of protests against his judgment. Just before the appearance of this volume, and when the whole of it was in type, Lord Cardigan died. We have heard that his death gave rise to a pithy but

ungentle criticism from the proof-reader of this book, who alone, of all mortals, knew what his lordship had escaped by dying, and who had amused his cynical mind with the anticipation of Lord Cardigan's wrath when he should feel the full weight of the historian's

verdict in print. "Damn him," said the testy Scot, "he never did anything at the right time." Yet we do not think Mr. Kinglake's judgment, on the whole, injurious to Lord Cardigan's memory. Upon the mind of a reader, who comes without bias to the perusal of this narrative, its impression seems to us

likely to be favorable. The truth is told, and some things are said which a man would rather not hear about himself, yet the net result of it all is to leave Lord Cardigan the true hero, and the undisputed leader of the Light Cavalry charge. At the time of

"He had a passionate love for the service—a fair knowledge, it is believed, of so much cavalry business as is taught by practice in England—a strong sense of military duty—a burning desire for the fame which awaits heroic actions—and, finally, the gift of high courage.

Lord Cardigan's valor was not at all of the wild, heedless kind, but the result of strong determination. Even from his way of riding to hounds, it was visible, they say, that the boldness he evinced was that of a resolute man with a set purpose, and not a dare-devil impetus. He bore himself firmly in both the duels he fought; and upon the

occasion which opposed him to an officer against whom he was bitterly angered, he shot his foe through the body.* His mind, although singularly barren, and wanting in dimensions, was not without force; and he had the valuable quality of persistency. He had been so constituted by nature, or so formed by the watchful care which

is sometimes bestowed upon an only son, to have a habit of attending to the desires and the interests of self with a curious exactitude. The tendency, of course, was one which he shared with nearly all living creatures; and it was only from the extraordinary proportions in which the attribute existed, and from the absence of any at-

tempt to mask the propensity, that it formed a distinctive peculiarity. When engaged in the task of self-assertion or self-advocacy, he adhered to his subject with the most curious rigor, never going the least bit astray from it, and separating from it all that concerned the rest of creation as matter altogether irrelevant and uninteresting. Oth-

ers before him may have secretly concentrated upon self an equal amount of attention; but in Lord Cardigan there was such an entire absence of guile, that exactly as he was so he showed himself to the world. Of all false pretences contrived for the purpose of feigning an interest in others he was as innocent as a horse. Among his

good qualities as love of order; but this with him was in such morbid excess, that it constituted a really dangerous feible, involving him from time to time in mischief. One of his quarrels was founded upon the color of a bottle; another upon the size of a tea-cup. In each case the grievance was want of uniformity. To his formulated

mind the distinction between lawful and right was imperceptible. A thousand times over it might be suggested to him that he ought not to have been sleeping on board his yacht—a yacht with a French cook on board—when not only all the officers and men under him, but also his divisional chief, were cheerfully bearing the hardships

and privations of camp life; but a thousand times over he would answer that he indulged himself thus with the permission of Lord Raglan; and the lawfulness of the practice being thus established, he never seemed to understand that there could remain any question of propriety, or taste, or right feeling.

"It was hardly to be expected with confidence that officers appointed to high cavalry commands without having earned them by serving their country in the field would all at once show themselves able to put sound constructions upon the orders which were to guide them in the execution of their commands and the personal qualities of

presence of the enemy; and the persons quarrelled on Lord Lucan and Lord Cardigan were not of such a kind as to supply in this point the absence of warlike experience. With Lord Lucan the danger was, that his fertile and vigorous mind might bring him into some elaborate and subversive process of reasoning. If, for instance, we should turn him informed that he is to be supported by infantry,

near him informed that he is to be supplied with arms, and we must be prepared to find him convinced that the infantry is to be supported by him. On the other hand, Lord Cardigan's endeavors at constraining orders were sure to be characterized by an exceeding rigidity, which might be preposterous in one instance, in another superb.

ordered to advance down a valley without being told where to halt, he might proudly abstain from supplying the omission and lead his brigade to destruction."

All that happened at the battle of Balaclava, except such dependent and subordinate changes, may be briefly

dismissed. Mr. Kinglake's account is, as usual, clear, military, and illustrated with excellent plans and maps. Early on the morning of the 25th October, 1854, the Russians, moving in three separate columns, attacked the outlying defenses of the Town of Bala-

clava. A line of six redoubts extended along the Causeway Heights, mounting nine guns, and garrisoned wholly by Turks; but the pass by which the town was entered from the north was occupied by the 93d Highlanders. The whole position was under

Without, I think, killing him.